

THE GRAPE-VINE SWING.

When I was a boy on the old plantation, Down by the deep bayou— The fairest spot of all creation Under the arch of blue—

Swinging in the grape-vine swing, Laughing where the wild birds sing— I dream and sigh For the days gone by, Swinging in the grape-vine swing.

Out—er the water lilies bonnie and bright, Back to the moss-grown terrace; I shouted and laughed with a heart as light As a wild rose tossed by the breeze.

The mocking-bird joined in my reckless glee, I longed for no angel's wing; I was just as near Heaven as I wanted to be, Swinging in the grape-vine swing.

Swinging in the grape-vine swing, Laughing where the wild birds sing— Oh, to be a boy, With a heart full of joy, Swinging in the grape-vine swing.

I'm weary at noon, I'm weary at night, I'm fretted and sore of heart; And care is sowing my locks with white As I wend through the fevered mart.

I'm tired of the world, with its pride and pomp, And fame seems a worthless thing; I'd rather sit all for one day's romp And a swing in the grape-vine swing.

Swinging in the grape-vine swing, Laughing where the wild birds sing— I would I were away, From the world to-day, Swinging in the grape-vine swing.

—Samuel M. Peck, in N. O. Times-Democrat.

MIRIAM.

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall. BY MANDA L. CROCKER.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

The winter came on, and during its dreary hours Sir Rupert was obliged to keep his apartments the greater portion of the time, and grow accustomed to depending on the servants entirely. In consequence they learned to watch him as the world would of a troublesome child, only they didn't dare to punish him, as Marcia remarked something spitefully at the close of a very trying day.

Sir Rupert caught at their meaning, especially the lament of the honest butler, on whose faithful arm he rested. A shadow of deep disappointment crossed his features as he looked from one weeping servant to another, and then, as if realizing something of the cause of their grief, he dropped his hands powerless by his side, and murmured in a blank, uncertain way: "Ah! I see how it is at last."

Then standing quietly as if revolving the matter more thoroughly in his mind, he burst out with: "Merciful God! I had forgotten. Miriam is indeed here; but she only is here to gaze on her aged father

with merciless reproach. She will not speak to me, her poor, old, stricken father! Oh! she is beautiful, but so cold; heartless and cold is my only daughter, and dumb to all entreaty. Yes, James; I am too late! I don't quite understand it; but I feel that I am too late for reconciliation for some reason. Miriam understands it; I know by her looks. Take me away, James; take me away before my old heart is slain in its faithfulness; before she kills me with her proud, cold, wordless contempt."

"Howly mother! an' what a teaching this experience wud be to sum o' thins as holds spite and hatred among themselves, if they only cud be here to hear an' see," said Ancil, desperately, as he turned the portrait to its reversed position.

Then they started with Sir Rupert for his apartments. "I wish to his highness that this may be his last trip," exploded Marcia, desperately, as she banged the massive door to its place with an angry wrench, and turned the key in the lock viciously.

"Hush! ye haythenish spalpeen," reprimanded Peggy, savagely. "An' ye'll need to chop out this night's lesson for yer avil feelin's."

"It's no evil thing to wish him dead, I'm sure," responded Marcia, with a defiant toss of her head. The dismayed Clarkson made no response to this assertion, and Marcia hung the key in its accustomed ring with the air of one who has won the day by a rash, but nevertheless complimentary, method.

Outside the Hall the winds were whispering in the great elms and sighing in the dark, gloomy yews, predictive of a rising storm.

Not one of the inmates, however, had noticed the gathering of the threatening elements, so intense had been the weird excitement within. A sudden and heavy peal of thunder drew their attention to the fact, and they hurried up the staircase as fast as their almost helpless master would allow.

He had come in these latter days of his life terribly frightened whenever a thunder-storm came on, and they wished to get him into his own apartments before the tempest burst over Heatherleigh.

But he was not to be hurried. He slowly mounted the stairs murmuring: "So proud! so cold! so dumb! Oh! Miriam! No pity; no love!"

Suddenly there came a vivid and blinding flash, followed by a peal of heaven's artillery that reverberated through the Hall, and seemed to shake Heatherleigh to its ancient corner-stone.

Sir Rupert staggered and fell prone on the landing without a cry; the servants carelessly extinguished the tapers in their terror and Peggy shrieked out that the "God above had taken Marcia at her wurrud."

CHAPTER XVII. Wedding bells rang out clear and sweet on the soft, breezy September air. It was the morning of Patty's wedding. All attire vied with the merry-making of the inmates of Fairfax Place to make the day one never to be forgotten for its beauty.

Mme. Montclair, the mother of the groom, and his sister Louise, a pale, quiet girl, in silks and diamonds, had come down from London to take part in the festivities. The Fairfax family not being yet out of mourning, the wedding was a quiet one, and did not take on the air of grandeur. Mme. Montclair desired that Sir Rupert should be rather vain and fond of display, and this being the occasion of the marriage, of her only son, she was a little disappointed that the momentous affair did not come out in the blaze of social glory she deemed necessary.

Nevertheless she was sure that her son Hollis was marrying into a very aristocratic family, and that his wife was a model of good breeding and a beauty of the pure English type, and that was something to be proud of.

They had lost their property, to be sure, but now they were, if anything, better off than formerly; though people did say that it was mainly through the superhuman efforts and wonderful business tact of the dead brother and son that the Fairfax house was again recognized in polite society.

"I am so glad that it happens to be such a perfect day, it portends a happy life, you know."

Mme. Montclair was speaking to one of the guests in the handsomely decorated room at the Fairfax home.

"Yes," answered the one addressed. "I sincerely hope the second marriage of the Fairfax house will prove a happier one than the first; though that one was happy enough had not its first years been clouded with hard grinding toil, and the last by the failing health, and finally the death of the husband."

"I understood they were very much devoted to one another," said Mme. Montclair, avoiding the mention of toll, which grated on her aristocratic ears, and devoting herself to the heart-side of the subject.

"Oh! certainly," was the rejoinder. "Arthur Fairfax was a devoted husband to a most devoted wife. By the bye, his widow will not be here at Patricia's wedding. She is just recovering from a long illness and, although able to be about, will not undertake the trip."

And other guests having arrived, came up to claim the attention of the speaker and get an introduction to the very aristocratic maid, the mother of the groom, whose only son was very much flattered by the attention she was receiving from Patricia's friends.

No, Miriam could not go over to attend Patty's wedding; she felt that she had no part in happiness now; but the day was beautiful, and Patty, sister Patty, would be very happy. It was not far over to Fairfax Place, a lonely country seat, just outside a dreary, quiet village, nestled among the hills, some few miles up the shore. Patty had wanted her to come, but had not urged, knowing that her heart was sore over her losses.

She walked the length of the bit of beach below the rocks where she had been sitting the morning. A great white gull circled over her head and sped away as free as air. The morning sun danced on the calm waters, and a few white drifting clouds lay lazily above the downs stretching away toward the city.

It was on a day something like this, though not nearly so perfect, that she and Arthur were married; but not with sanction and merry-making, which would smile a God-speed for Patricia.

Hark! what was that? Was it Patty's wedding chime? She hardly thought she could hear the bells of St. Martin from where she stood. But, yes; it must be. Miriam put her hands quickly to her ears to shut out the sound, and sat down by an overturned boat to think. Was she selfish-hearted, that she could not bear to hear the ringing of the bells even? No; but somehow it brought it all back so vividly—her own wedding night. Not like Patty's marriage, celebrated in the glow of the beautiful morning, amid friends and music and flowers; no, in the shadows and quiet, somber interior of lonely little All Saints' she was given away by a stranger, and as a wife she crossed the gloomy porch and walked by the dead, out to the portals of the quiet church-yard, without a song, without a flower, or a smile.

Well, it was fitting, after all; the ceremony was only of type of all the rest. No! not all, for Arthur, dead, dead Arthur was true and affectionate, but she meant the dark side of the after years. She had only the shadows of death in view this morning; they were always trailing across her path; way their dark, dense mass had grown second nature to her soul, for she had become morbid on shadows.

But it wouldn't do, this moping fad over in the mist; she would go up to the house, and be glad for Patricia. About now the fair village lassies were strewing flowers in Patty's way—happy Patty!

Drawing the soft, rich wrap about her frail shoulders, Miriam toiled wearily up over the rugged path toward the Rest, trying to feel happy for dear sister Patty's sake. Where a turn came in the path, by a rock jutting out from among its hoary fellows, Miriam paused for rest.

She might have had the carriage and have driven to the beach road, but she chose to be alone. The presence of even the boy in livery would have disturbed her to-day, she thought, so she had descended the bride-path alone for her morning walk on the shore.

Far away she caught sight of sails gleaming in the sunlight; some pure white, some cream and rose-tinted, and a great wave of something like homeliness crept over her. The letter which a white-winged messenger had sped away with months ago had been answered. And that dear friend of her mother's had said: "Come," but only a few days after the receipt of the friendly epistle a raging fever had seized her and she had hovered between this world and the next for days. Since then she had not been strong enough to undertake a voyage, especially unattended.

In those uncertain days of her severe illness Patricia had never left her bedside. Devoted and kind, she had nursed her through until the physician said: "She will live." Why she had not been permitted to cross over and enter into rest and be with her beloved ones was to Miriam a dark problem.

But now, as soon as she was strong enough to warrant starting, she was going to her mother's friend on the shores of the Narragansett, to cozy Little Bay View, as the place had been described to her by letter.

A party of rosy-cheeked children passed her, scampering down the path, their prim, pretty nurse bringing up the rear with the lunch basket on one plump arm, while over the other she had swung her hat with its wreath of wild autumn flowers she had gathered by the roadside. They made a pretty picture. One of the children ran up to her, offering her a bouquet of yellow fall flowers had crushed into a withered condition in its chubby palms. She took the blossoms with a "thank you" to please the little one, while the rosy nurse curtsied respectfully and passed by.

They were from The Cliffs, a pleasant, roomy mansion some two miles farther up the shore; doubtless the family carriage had been left up at Atherton Place, a few rods from The Rest, and the children had been sent down to the beach for a half-day's outing in charge of Erma, the bright-eyed foreign nurse, and her attendant.

Miriam recognized them instantly, having met them on the beach quite often during the summer, and the Athertons, she had learned, were happy.

"What a happy little party," mused Miriam, looking after them and watching rather regretfully each little head pass down and out of sight. "What a merry, sunny home The Cliffs must be," she added, thoughtfully.

A merry shout from one of the children below arrested her attention and she, forgetting her sorrows for a moment, arose with a smile, and went on toward home. The purple ivy clusters showed rich and dark against the grey stone of the old wall by which she passed, while here and there a great leaf of the luxuriant vine flamed into scarlet. Ah! yes, it was autumn; autumn of the cycling year once more and dreary, desolate autumn of her heart and aimless life; and she looked up through the tree-dotted park and saw through hot tears the silent grandeur of the Rest. The curtains were drawn, and rooms filled with a desolateness that made her heart sink.

But the windows must be thrown open, the knotted crapes removed, and the merry sunshine must be admitted, for Patty was coming soon, and Patty's life and exuberant spirits should not be dampened by even a suggestion of what she had suffered. No; it would be cruel.

And Patty came. The great lonely drawing-room was thrown open, and the sweet-toned piano in the dim recess, which had been silent as the grave for so long, was once more brought to light, and to life also, for Patty's deft fingers swept the forgotten chords and made music once again.

Miriam felt at first that it was almost sacrilege, but the sober second thought prompted a saner view of the matter. But the tears would come in spite of her efforts to be cheerful, for now she had not even a home. It was Patty's, and she—well, she was welcome, nay, urged to make it her home with them, and Hollis Montclair, in his genial, cordial way, had requested her to do so. But it wasn't home notwithstanding, yet Patricia made it pleasant for her, very pleasant, and next to the beloved dead, she loved Patricia.

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"Please to wait a moment, then," said Patricia, scanning the superscription in the dim light.

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Thoughts Made Imperishable by the Beauty of Their Setting.

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A notable thing in every work—poem, history or novel—that has survived its own period is perfection of form. It is that which has kept it. It is the amber that preserves the fly. I have no doubt that thousands of noble conceptions have been lost to us because of the inadequacy of their literary form. Certain it is that many thoughts and fancies, of no great value in themselves, have been made imperishable by the faultlessness of their setting. For example, if Richard Lovelace—whose felicitous, by the way, were purely accidental, had said to Lucasta: "Lucasta, my girl, I couldn't feel half so much of you as I do if I didn't feel it my duty to enlist for the war. Do you catch on?"—if Richard Lovelace, I repeat, had put it in that fashion, his commendable sentiment would have been forgotten in fifteen minutes; but when he said:

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MEXICO'S WEST POINT. How Cadets Are Trained in the Military School at Chapultepec. At present about thirty per cent. of the officers of the army are graduates of the national Military College at Chapultepec, where about three hundred cadets constantly are in training, and whence about sixty officers are graduated annually. The course pursued here is similar to that at West Point, and the gradual retirement of the older officers, combined with this constant addition of young officers who have been thoroughly trained in accordance with the best of modern military theories, is having a very marked effect in raising the moral tone of the army and in increasing its practical efficiency. The cadets, as a rule, are drawn from the upper classes of Mexican society, but among them—and this is a very prominent element in the new army—are a number of young fellows whose brown or brownish skins show their native Indian blood. It is a notable and hopeful fact that the native Indians more and more are coming to the front in the government of their own country. Juarez, who, all things considered, was the greatest statesman that Mexico as yet has produced, was an Indian of the pure blood, and President Diaz owes in part to his dash of this fine strain his patient resolution and his steady courage in contending with great difficulties. The presence of these brown-faced lads among the cadets, and of brown-faced men in the national Congress and in the various departments of the government, is a sign of healthy national growth, of which the importance scarcely can be overestimated. As a whole, the cadet battalion presents a fine soldierly appearance, and the individual cadet, as seen on the streets of the City of Mexico on Sundays and feast-days, when off from Chapultepec on all day leave, is as well set up, soldierly a young fellow as is to be found anywhere. And even the "cockiness" of these spruce lads in their handsome uniforms, while likely to make an old soldier smile a little in a kindly way, is a sign of proper pride in an honorable profession that an old soldier best appreciates and is least disposed seriously to condemn. Pride in the uniform means pride in the service, and is a sign that when the time comes for fighting neither the uniform nor the service will be disgraced. The Chapultepec boys have gallant traditions to sustain them, for in the time of the American invasion they bore a brave part in defending the hill on which their college stands against the assault of Scott's army. At the base of the hill a monument fittingly commemorates the heroism of these young soldiers and eloquently exhibits how well they fought by the long list of names graven upon it of those who that day died. Altogether, the Military College is an institution of which the Mexicans, in the army and out of it, are justly proud; for both in its processes and in its results it is highly creditable to the nation at large. An important adjunct to the college, recently established, is an artillery school, in which officers of that arm take a post-graduate course, and to which officers in the service are detailed for instruction.—Thomas A. Janvier, in Harper's Magazine.

THE GENERAL MARKETS. KANSAS CITY, Nov. 4. CATTLE—Shipping steers... \$ 30 @ 4 67 1/2 Butcher steers... 2 00 @ 4 30 Native cows... 1 50 @ 2 15 HOGS—Good to choice heavy... 3 75 @ 3 87 1/2 WHEAT—No. 2 red... 67 1/2 @ 68 No. 2 hard... 63 @ 64 CORN—No. 2... 33 1/2 @ 34 OATS—No. 2... 22 @ 23 RYE—No. 2... 33 @ 34 FLOUR—Patents, per sack... 1 85 @ 2 00 HAY—Baled... 4 00 @ 6 50 BUTTER—Choice creamery... 15 @ 21 CHEESE—Full cream... 6 @ 7 EGGS—Choice... 37 @ 37 1/2 BACON—Hams... 10 @ 10 1/2 Shoulders... 5 @ 6 Sides... 7 @ 8 LARD... 6 1/2 @ 6 3/4 POTATOES... 20 @ 40 ST. LOUIS. CATTLE—Shipping steers... 4 00 @ 4 80 Butchers' steers... 3 75 @ 4 75 HOGS—Packing... 3 75 @ 3 90 SHEEP—Fair to choice... 3 60 @ 4 70 FLOUR—Choice... 3 50 @ 4 45 WHEAT—No. 2 red... 70 1/2 @ 71 CORN—No. 2... 28 @ 28 1/2 OATS—No. 2... 17 @ 17 1/2 RYE—No. 2... 28 @ 28 1/2 BUTTER—Creamery... 20 @ 23 PORK... 11 50 @ 11 35 CHICAGO. CATTLE—Shipping steers... 4 00 @ 5 00 HOGS—Packing and shipping... 4 00 @ 5 00 SHEEP—Fair to choice... 4 00 @ 4 50 FLOUR—Winter wheat... 4 40 @ 4 50 WHEAT—No. 2 red... 78 1/2 @ 79 CORN—No. 2... 28 @ 28 1/2 OATS—No. 2... 16 1/2 @ 16 3/4 RYE—No. 2... 16 @ 22 BUTTER—Creamery... 9 70 @ 9 75 NEW YORK. CATTLE—Common to prime... 4 00 @ 4 75 HOGS—Good to choice... 4 00 @ 4 50 FLOUR—Good to choice... 4 40 @ 5 10 WHEAT—No. 2 red... 68 @ 69 COBEN—No. 2... 62 @ 62 1/2 OATS—Western mixed... 14 @ 27 BUTTER—Creamery... 13 @ 28 PORK... 12 00 @ 12 25

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In those uncertain days of her severe illness Patricia had never left her bedside. Devoted and kind, she had nursed her through until the physician said: "She will live." Why she had not been permitted to cross over and enter into rest and be with her beloved ones was to Miriam a dark problem.

But now, as soon as she was strong enough to warrant starting, she was going to her mother's friend on the shores of the Narragansett, to cozy Little Bay View, as the place had been described to her by letter.

A party of rosy-cheeked children passed her, scampering down the path, their prim, pretty nurse bringing up the rear with the lunch basket on one plump arm, while over the other she had swung her hat with its wreath of wild autumn flowers she had gathered by the roadside. They made a pretty picture. One of the children ran up to her, offering her a bouquet of yellow fall flowers had crushed into a withered condition in its chubby palms. She took the blossoms with a "thank you" to please the little one, while the rosy nurse curtsied respectfully and passed by.

They were from The Cliffs, a pleasant, roomy mansion some two miles farther up the shore; doubtless the family carriage had been left up at Atherton Place, a few rods from The Rest, and the children had been sent down to the beach for a half-day's outing in charge of Erma, the bright-eyed foreign nurse, and her attendant.

Miriam recognized them instantly, having met them on the beach quite often during the summer, and the Athertons, she had learned, were happy.

"What a happy little party," mused Miriam, looking after them and watching rather regretfully each little head pass down and out of sight. "What a merry, sunny home The Cliffs must be," she added, thoughtfully.

A merry shout from one of the children below arrested her attention and she, forgetting her sorrows for a moment, arose with a smile, and went on toward home. The purple ivy clusters showed rich and dark against the grey stone of the old wall by which she passed, while here and there a great leaf of the luxuriant vine flamed into scarlet. Ah! yes, it was autumn; autumn of the cycling year once more and dreary, desolate autumn of her heart and aimless life; and she looked up through the tree-dotted park and saw through hot tears the silent grandeur of the Rest. The curtains were drawn, and rooms filled with a desolateness that made her heart sink.

But the windows must be thrown open, the knotted crapes removed, and the merry sunshine must be admitted, for Patty was coming soon, and Patty's life and exuberant spirits should not be dampened by even a suggestion of what she had suffered. No; it would be cruel.

And Patty came. The great lonely drawing-room was thrown open, and the sweet-toned piano in the dim recess, which had been silent as the grave for so long, was once more brought to light, and to life also, for Patty's deft fingers swept the forgotten chords and made music once again.

Miriam felt at first that it was almost sacrilege, but the sober second thought prompted a saner view of the matter. But the tears would come in spite of her efforts to be cheerful, for now she had not even a home. It was Patty's, and she—well, she was welcome, nay, urged to make it her home with them, and Hollis Montclair, in his genial, cordial way, had requested her to do so. But it wasn't home notwithstanding, yet Patricia made it pleasant for her, very pleasant, and next to the beloved dead, she loved Patricia.

They had been sitting in the cozy little parlor upstairs, which commanded a lovely bit of sea view, and Patty, in